



Scribblenauts: My life



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Drew loved to draw. It was so ironic, and many people had laughed in his face about it. He knew that it had nothing to do with his name. He just simple loved the smell of the paper, the scritch-scratch of the pencil, and the beautiful drawings he made.

Okay, maybe not beautiful. Actually, they were kind of bad. But nonetheless, he drew. (no pun intended) He drew everywhere, in his room, on the bus, during class...

Of course, nothing was un-ordinary about him.
Until the shady street vendor gave him the magic pencil.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Of course he was in Chinatown when it happened. It was like he had stepped into a racially insensitive eighties movie. The vendor wore a plain, thin mustache, had the thick accent, coke bottle glasses, everything down to a T. Drew felt uncomfortable recognizing all of this, and even more so when the man opened his jacket to reveal his memorial stuffed and sewn into the clothes' insides - also just like a movie.

"You like?" the man asked. Drew walked backward. He didn't even remember why he was in the dark alleyway to begin with, anyway...

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